AN

ADDRESS

FROM

SALAMANCA,

To her (unknown) Off-ſpring, Dr. *T. O.*

Concerning the preſent State of *Affairs* in

ENGLAND,

Natura ——————————

——————*Os Homini ſublime dedit.*

SON *Titus*, (for ſo you ſtrive to be
To me, and to the worlds vain Pageantry)
From that a Bleſſing juſtly you may crave,
You the Wits Subject, to your ſelf a Slave;
On you they lofty fancies daily file,
But Fancies ſcarce from you can get a ſmile.
Sure ſuch a Boy as you I never bore;
Or if I did, I never ſaw you more,
After *Latona* from my Breaſt you tore.
I'll *SWEAR* it not; for Mothers may
Miſtake the morning-light for noon of day:
Short is their ſleep, waken'd by Agonies,
Sorrow for Sons, and careful Jealouſies.
Such are my Cares for thee, Oh! could I ſee
In *Parchment Records*, or in *Hiſtory*
Thy Name Inroll'd, that I might Bleſſings give
To thy great Soul, by which thou long maiſt live;
But finding not thy Name, I ſcarce believe
Thou didſt from Us a *Doctors* Garb receive:
Of thee the only knowledge *England* writes,
To thee do flock her *True blue Favourites*.
An *O Ye, Yes*, ſome time ago came hither,
For *Bills* as *Black* as the fall'n *Lucifer*:
After a *Doctor* too they did enquire,
Who was (they ſay) of our Grave Learned Choir.
An Ingenious Pen, with Face Sublime,
Does thee deſcribe, as in old time

The

*E365. A100. 682a

The Poets feign'd Bleſt Nature to have dreſt
Mankind, to ſpecifie it from Savage Beaſt.
We read of Mighty *Heroes*, and of Fame
Sounding Retreats to ſenſe in lofty ſtrain.
Of *Oaths* we hear prophan'd to that degree,
They work Deſpair in ſubtile Gravity,
They ſeem Conſederates with *Anarchy*.
A Laboratory too we find there is,
Which you frequent, and ſeldom miſs:
There is beat out much Cunning Cloſet-Plots,
And there you wreath *Aſſociating* Knots.
There is a Mighty Smalſter, as ſome tell us,
An Emet of a man, from whom God bleſs us:
This Piſmire you have lately found,
Since the Severer Winters left the Ground.
Hector you'r turn'd, you *ſwear*, and damn the *Nation*,
But of the two the former's moſt your Faſhion:
King, Prince and *Tory* all you'd drive before ye,
Hurling your *Oaths* at thoſe that never ſaw ye;
Your Mercenary *Tongue* does Vice decry,
Your practice does commend what you deny:
Such holy Cheats as theſe we can diſcern;
Thus diſtant from you, we ſuch Frauds can learn;
Wonder not, diſcerning Heads can farther pry
In diſguiz'd Caſſocks ſanctifi'd *Knavery*,
And into *Campaign-Coats* Cajolry.
Deſtruction naked on your Brow appears,
But ſuch it is, that few there are it fears.
Such news as this diſlodges you from our Breaſt,
Where you did never as a DOCTOR reſt.
Keep (if thou canſt) in beautious *Albions* Plain,
A Soil too good for thy diſtemper'd Brain.
A Shipwrack'd Veſſel maiſt thou be
In thine own Sea of *Perjury*.
Farewel; No more to *Salamanca* Dear;
The Name of Son and Mother dyeth here.
Excuſe me then, if Curſes to thee come
From *Salamanca*, due to ſuch a Son.

Given at our Conſiſtory at *Salamanca*,
May 10. New-ſtile, Old-ſtile *May* 20.

Per Public' Notar' Hugone Peters *Redivivum.*

LONDON, Printed for *A. Banks*. 1682.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915
May 2 1927

29 May 1682